Freedom's Cottage,
Roxbury, Oct. 9, 1834.

My dear Anna:

It is with a confused head, and a debilitated body, that I venture to seize my pen, for the purpose of making, at this late hour, at least a hasty acknowledgment of your very interesting letter, and of my remissness in answering it. In my letter to father, I have stated some of the causes which have prevented my writing until now; and I need not, therefore, occupy any portion of this sheet in detailing them. Great and unfeigned would be my lamentation if I could suppose, for one moment, that my silence had been construed by you into an indifference to your epistles, or into any abatement of my love for all who reside in Friendship's Valley. It is true, she who was peculiarly endeared to me, and who is even more so than ever, is no longer one of your number, but is with me constantly to cheer and strengthen me; but still my thoughts are hovering daily around your family circle, and I yearn as a son and a brother to be once more in your midst.

Your letter breathes a somewhat melancholy strain. Helen, on reading it, retired to her chamber and wept. There is a bereavement mutually felt by you both, and why should not relief be obtained in tears? If it were the grief of guilt, it would be insupportable; but it flows from the fountain of affection, and therefore, though it may temporarily drown the heart, yet it cannot destroy the life. I have, dear Anna, a remedy to propose, that shall cure you both. You now be-
cause of separation — of course, to be in each other's society again will effect an instant cure, pro tempore at least. Now, to bring gladness to your heart, and joy to our own, I be-
seech you, by all that is moving in eloquence, or importu-
nate in weeping affection, to make us a visit immediately,

in company with Henry, and also, if practicable, with May or Sarah. Next week we expect to be wholly alone. Eliza Chace has gone home, and I cannot think of even going into the city, and leaving Helen alone. She needs a female companion — and none can so well supply the vacancy that is now felt, as yourself. Surely, then, dear sister, if health permit, you will come. Do you wish for retirement? Here you will find it, even more completely than at home. With the exception of Mr. and Mrs. May's visit, and the presence of Mr. Thompson's family, we have had scarcely half a dozen visiters since we came home: and as winter approaches, the more secure are we becoming from them. I feel the more anxious to have you come, because Helen is so sanguine that you will be delighted with the spot. Should you make up your mind to come, do not come for a week, or a fortnight, or a month, but for all winter; but if you cannot tarry so long, at all events come.

I have been married almost five weeks, and I am a warmer friend to matrimony than ever. "But," peradventure one may say, "the honey-moon is scarcely set, and therefore you decide too hastily." Very well — five months hence, if my life be spared, you shall have the fruits of my experience; and if five months be too short a period for a trial, why then, wait till five years shall have elapsed, and I will make a full and free confession.

I find that I have not calculated too largely upon the excellent traits that abound in the character of my dear wife. Her disposition is certainly remarkable — so uniformly placid, so generous and disinterested, so susceptible and obliging, so kind and attentive. Not to love and cherish her would argue, on my part, a most selfish and grovelling spirit.

I cannot give you a much stronger proof of my esteem than in scribbling this letter, at the present moment, unfit as I feel to be absent from my bed. I have so long enjoyed uninterrupted health, as to have grown, I fear, almost forgetful of the obligations which I owe to my heavenly Parent. Now I can enter fully into the feelings of the poet, and exclaim—

"O, who can speak the vigorous joys of health?
Unclogg'd the body, unobscured the mind;
The morning rises gay; with pleasing stealth,
The temperate evening falls serene and kind:
In health the wiser brutes true gladness find."

I hope your health is better than my own — unless, being ill, you are learning as profitable a lesson of resignation and thankfulness as I am, and then I am sure you will not regret being ill.

I can hardly realise, as yet, that I am a married man, although I have one of the best wives in the wide world. When I was a boy, a married man (no matter what might be his age) seemed to me to have reached the ultima thule of life; but I feel as young as ever. It is probably one of the besetting sins of age to imagine itself still young, even to the verge of three score years and ten. We carry the delusion with us, from year to year, that whatever advances Times makes, we make none. Let us remember, always, that

"That life is long which answers life's great end,"

and that only. It is, after all, a matter of little consequence either to the world or ourselves, whether we die at thirty or fifty, at seventy or ninety. Five or six thousand years have rolled over the world — and what are they but a speck?

Winter is stealthily drawing near. He will scatter the leaves of the forest, and congeal rill and river with his icy breath — but he never will be able to extinguish that flame of affection which is cherished for you in the breast of

Your admiring brother,
Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

Miss Anna E. Benson.

PAID

Miss Anna C. Benson,

Brooklyn,

Ct.

Care of Rev. Mr. May.